

A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
CIVIC SONGS;

To shield mankind, to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race:
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.

PART I.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLER

PRICE SIXPENCE.

John Wilson Croker
1800

*65T-36

CIVIC SONGS.

WHEN o'er this sea encircled ground
The Norman Conq'ror grimly frown'd,
And quench'd the Nation's fires;
Th' oppressor could not all destroy
For thine, O heaven-born Liberty,
Then glimmer'd 'mong our Sires.—

From reign to reign it moulder'd on,
Scarce warming—till dark visag'd John
Beheld the bursting flame—
He saw—and by it, sign'd that deed
Which makes thy swaird O Runnimeade,
For ever dear to Fame.

This sacred fire thro' many an age,
Of mental gloom and civil rage,
A varied heat bestow'd—
But when at length 'twas sprinkled o'er
With some few drops of regal gore,
An awful flame it shew'd.

'Twas this which lighted William o'er,
This scar'd a bigot from our shore
And shew'd an abject world
With how much ease those dreaded things,
Those scourges, call'd despotic Kings,
May from their thrones be hurl'd.

Chear'd by the soul enliv'ning blaze,
 Our fires did much to merit praise,
 Tho' much was left undone—
 Then be it ours to feel the flame
 And nobly act, till but the name
 Of tyrant laws be known.

With awful charge from fire to son
 O! may this fire be handed down,
 And watch'd with holy zeal
 O may its heat expand the soul,
 And teach us, while we spurn controul,
 For others wrongs to feel.

Whate'er their tongue, their hue, their state,
 Whate'er the God they supplicate,
 Or clime which gave them birth,
 O! Liberty, may'st thou be given,
 All bounteous as the light of heaven,
 To all the sons of Earth.

SONG II.

Tune.—“*Push about the brisk bowl.*”

JOHN BULL is a Quoz,
 And I'll prove it—that's poz—
 For he loves to get wrong to get right:
 When a little calm thought,
 May bring mischief to nought,
 John Bull will needs bluster and fight.

John Bull will &c.

Cause why?

His children with ease,
 May be trick'd like the bees,

CIVIC SONGS.

3

Whom we cheat of life, labour, and honey,
So cry Monsieur or Don,
And you swindle good John,
Out of life, out of labour, and money.

Poor John!

Out of life, &c.

As a jobber, I own,
That my skill may be shewn,
By cajoling friend John into war:
But as a Christian I'm bound,
To confess there's no ground,
Till attack'd to risk soldier or tar,

Hearts of Oak

Till attack'd, &c.

Then e'er battles be fought,
Think how copy books taught,
What we spoil'd by ill communication:
And let all the bell's ring,
Peace and God save the King,
For you thus serve both Him and the Nation.
Brave boys.
For you thus &c.

SONG III.

WHEN Freedom was founded on Albion's
fair Isle,
And Liberty 'gan her sweet reign,
When our forefathers brave on each other did
smile,
And rul'd o'er the surgy domain:
Twas then that corruption within this our land,
Was not known or at least was not seen,
But O! what a change—Destruction's at hand,
And Liberty's no longer seen.

CIVIC SONGS.

This choicest exotic, this hallowed Tree,
 Which flourish'd with splendor around,
 Was planted by *Alfred*—who made Briton's *free*,
 His name let sweet echo resound;
 Yet for want of protection, by base and vile men
 This Tree it has lost all its green,
 No more must we use either Press, or the Pen,
 For Liberty's no longer seen.

Men talk of their Rights but alas they have none,
 For by subsequent Laws they're destroy'd,
 Thro' the cunning of villains entirely they're gone,
 And to gain them again you're deny'd;
 O Britons no longer let Somnus thus sway,
 In lethargy O be not seen,
 With energetic fire drive these vermin away,
 And let Liberty once more be seen.

SONG IV.

A GAIN, O ye spirits that feel for mankind,
 And who scorn what you feel to deny,
 Who would waft to all climes on the wings of the
 Those blessings which all should enjoy; (wind,
 Again, tho' the tempest of bigotry howls,
 And menaces tyranny's foes;
 Again let us meet to applaud the great souls,
 At whose voice prostrate Gallia arose!

If resistance be wrong, O ye Briton's 'tis clear,
 By wrongs your own rights were regain'd---
 And the fame of our Sires whom the world will revere,
 Is stabb'd when the French are arraign'd:---
 Each crown-pated miscreant they dar'd to annoy,
 Great Nature applauded each deed---
 Then, why should their cold-blooded offspring deary
 That stroke by which Frenchmen were freed?

CIVIC SONGS.

5

Shall warriors who drench the broad earth in man's
 The applause of all ages obtain? (gore,
 And shall men who the rights of our nature restore,
 Be number'd with infamy's train!
 Is this the result of those wonderful powers
 Which nature to man has assign'd?
 Away with such weakness---and, O be it ours
 To extol but the friends of mankind!

Too long has the childhood of reason endur'd
 In swaddles too long has she pin'd;
 And earth's haughty lords would still have her immur'd
 Still cramp'd, still to crawling confin'd;
 Yet with sinewy arm now she bursts their vile bands
 Superstition and prejudice fly,
 And soon unrestrain'd may she sweep o'er the lands,
 And each tyrannous system destroy.

With aspects all bluster and hearts all dismay,
 Lo! the scourges of Europe combine---
 They see reason's progress, they dread her blest sway,
 And to crush her is now their design---
 At this striking period, tho' Kings may proclaim,
 Let us hear their invectives unaw'd:---
 In Freedom's great cause let us scorn to be tame,---
 We feel---let us dare to applaud.

SONG V.

O'ER the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of
 See the day-star of *Liberty* rise; [France,
 Thro' the clouds of detraction unwearied advance,
 And holds its new course thro' the skies.

An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
 All Europe with wonder survey's;
 And from deserts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
 Contends for a share of the blaze.

Let *Burke*, like a bat from its splendor retire,
 A splendor---too strong for his eyes;
 Let pedants, and fools, his effusions admire,
 Intrapt in his cobwebs like flies.

Shall phrenzy, and sophistry hope to prevail,
 Where reason opposes her weight;
 When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
 And the balance yet trembles with fate?

Ah! who midst the horrors of night would abide,
 That can taste the pure breezes of morn,
 Or who that has drank of the chrystalline tide,
 To the feculent flood would return?

When the bosom of beauty the throbbing heart meets
 Ah who can the transport decline?
 Or who that has tasted of Liberty's sweets,
 The prize but with life would resign?

---But 'tis over---high Heav'n the decision approves
 Oppression has struggled in vain:
 To the hell she has form'd, superstition removes,
 And tyranny bites its own chain.

In the records of time a new æra unfolds,
 All nature exults in its birth---
 His creation benign, the *Creator* beholds,
 And gives a new charter to earth.

O catch its high import, ye winds, as ye blow!
 O bear it ye waves as ye roll!
 From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow,
 To the farthest extremes of the pole.

Equal Rights---Equal Laws---to the nations around,
Peace and Friendship its precepts impart:
 And wherever the footsteps of Man shall be found,
 May he bind the decree on his heart.

CIVIC SONGS.

7

SONG VI.

GO patter to placemen and pimps d' ye see,
'Bout pensions, and posts, and the like.
Equal Rights, Equal Laws, and strict *Justice* give me
And I never to tyrants shall strike,
The' the dark mist of ignorance round us has spread,
Men's minds to corrupt and debase;
Yet knowledge and reason their influence shall shed,
And the *Universe* cheer with their rays,
Even now, they call out, *Never think to enslave*
Freedom's sons, or her favorite isle;
For the Goddess around us her banner shall wave,
And inspires all her sons with her smile.

We heard good Duke *Richmond* palaver one day,
'Bout *Reform, Freedom, Justice*, and such;
And my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Now he talks all as one as High Dutch.
For he says that *Reform* would us founder d' ye see,
And our *Freedom* might go down below;
And many odd things that prove clearly to me
That a pension has ta'en him in tow:
But away ye *Apostate*, nor think to enslave
Freedom's sons, or her favorite Isle,
For the Goddess' around us her banner shall wave,
And inspire all her Sons with her smile.

I said to old *Burke* for d' ye see he would cry,
When *France* had resolv'd to be free:
What argufy's grunting like hogs in a sty,
Why what a blind fool you must be!
Don't you see the world's wife and that *Freedom's* the
Engag'd in by sea and on shore; (work,
And if *à la lanternê* you go my friend *Burke*,
We ne'er shall be plagued with you more,

Away with your faction, nor think to enslave
Freedom's Sons or her favorite *Isle*,
 For the Goddess around us her banner shall wave,
 And inspire all her Sons with her smile.

D'ye mind me a Patriot should be ev'ry inch,
 A supporter of Freedom and Right:
 And for them brave the world without offering to
 Tho' oppressors and tyrants unite. (flinch,
 As for me in all weathers, in peace or in war,
 My service my country commands;
 Her rights are at stake, and the time is not far
 When her Sons shall assert their demands.
 Then, then my brave Briton's, we ne'er shall be
 Nor shall tyrants rule over this *Isle*, (slaves,
 See the goddess of *Freedom* her banner high waves,
 And inspires her lov'd Sons with her smile.

SONG VII.

TO THOMAS PAINE.

Tune.---*Rule Britannia.*

HAIL Genius vast of Truth and Light!
 The purest wisdom marks thy manly page;
 'Tis thine to purge from filth the mental sight,
 To renovate and bless the age.

Paine thy goodness, thy goodness we'll relate,
 Tho' instant death should be our fate.

To value nought but what is great,
 And bow to sacred excellence alone;
 Treat with contempt the silly farce of state,
 And look with awe to Virtue's throne.

Paine thy goodness, thy goodness we will sing,
 And bid defiance to vain things.

CIVIC SONGS.

9

These are the thoughts that fill thy breast.
And men thro' time feeling the Rights of Man;
Shall bless themselves in making others blest,
And model states on Nature's plan.

Paine thy greatness, thy greatness we'll main-
Tho' we thro' it should all be slain. (tain,

By this is shewn that God is King,
And may each heart its grateful tribute bring:
So shall man's soul to its great Maker rise,
And truth take place of fraud and lies.

Hail sons of Freedom, ye freedom's sons rejoice!
And praise the Lord with heart and voice.

SONG VIII.

AS Nebuchadnezzar lay stretch'd on his bed,
A dream most surprising came into his head,
Which by the Astrologers could not be told,
This heaven did wholly to Daniel unfold;
Before him a *metallic image* arose,
Decreasing in worth from the head to the toes,
Denoting oppression and violent ways,
Should grow more malignant to these evil days.

CHORUS.

Tho' people in Prophecy may be unskill'd,
'Tis well to remember it must be fulfill'd,
Tho' king, priest, and dragon, to hinder unite,
They'll find it as easy to stop the sun's light.

That this frightful image was smote by a *stone*,
By heaven adopted we also are shewn,
By which the cohesion was lost---and it shook
T' invisible atoms, and scatter'd like smoke;

B

Then Government civil her banner unfurl'd,
Turn'd to a great mountain & fill'd the whole world
Guilt, sword-law, and rapine, surrender'd the stage,
To that which succeeds---the Sabbatical age.

If barren the earth or malignant the skies,
It might be expected provisions would rise,
But as they benignly continue to bless,
We some other parent must find for distress;
The nations at last being rous'd by their woes,
And like wounded Lion's pursuing the cause,
By tracing their miseries up to their springs,
Discover the evil of Nobles and K***s.

As those who in dungeons have spent a long night,
Exult in their Freedom and spring to the light,
Or as the worn Sailor long vex'd by rough seas,
With labour, and peril, hails safety and ease;
So after a broil of near Six Thousand years,
The glorious æra of Sabbath appears,
For which let the universe gratefully rise,
And rend with Hosanna's the echoing skies.

SONG IX-

BE easy with war here's a fine piece of bother on't
Faith I can't make either one thing or t'other on't,
Devil may burn both the father and mother on't—
Billy'h's undone us by war,
Oh, Lord! what will the damage be? &c

Pat can't you tell what the Devil he's driving at?
What is't we're fighting for, what is't he's striving at?
A foul bit of work the d--nd tory's conniving at!

For the poor out of bread, what a fine consolation too,
Winter at hand and all trade in stagnation too;
Nothing to swallow but *lumps* of *taxation* too.

CIVIC SONGS.

11

Then, what are our gains, for the millions he squanders now?

Plentiful loss of brave troops and commanders now,
Rotting like sheep in the big bogs of Flanders now.

We're murder'd by thousands, and pay for the slaughter too.

Nothing to drink, to the a-se up in water too;
Dutch running off and ourselves marching after too.

Our float & our gun boats won't answer their uses too,
Horse of no service for ditches and sluices too,
Cannon too late, and all left as the deuce is too.

We're flx'd till our life streams away from our bowels too,

Drench'd so with rain, ye might scrape us with trowels too,

Cattle all glandered, and full of rowels too.

Tents we have few, since we left 'em behind us too,
Dogs would not lie on the *wet straw* they find us too,
All sorts of death by my soul they've consign'd us to!

Then faith with *mistrust*, we're a little dejected too,
Prussians withdrawn, and the Dutch disaffected too,
Troops that we've *hired* not too much *respected* too.

By my soul it's a sin that we e'er should want harmony
When we all fight for the Emp'ror of Germany,
And *John Bull* has promis'd to pay all the War money.

Then you bitch'd us at *home*, and your word didn't keep my dears,

Leaving brave lads to be cut up like sheep my dears,
Toby sham fighting, and *Ch-th-m* asleep my dears.

By my troth here's a damnable sin and omission here,
Tho' it's hush'd up it must rise in revision here;
Murder cries out for a *stare inquisition* here.

Then your Cabinet call this a war of *existence* now,
That's in plain Irish to *die* at a *distance* now,
And help the work forward by *backward assistance*
now.

Troth you've purchased at *Toulon* a *slippery* station too,
Laid out our cash in a wild speculation too,
United all France in a d--n'd indignation too.

A wise figure we make, to be starv'd to help slavery
Fighting for others with profitless bravery,
Oh, get out! you'll undo a good master with knavery.

Ever safe be his throne! may no traitors endeavour
now,
Loyalty's cause from fair Freedom's disserve now;
Here's Fox and the Whig Constitution forever now,
Billy 'h's undone us by War.

SONG X.

Tune.---*He comes, he comes, the hero comes.*

SHE comes, she comes with ev'ry grace,
Far sweeter than Aurora's face,
All Heaven opens in her smile.
She's welcome to the British Isle.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come sweet *Peace*,
Thou art a welcome guest,
Wars and discord cease,
Sceptred Tyrants fall;
Join in lofty strains,
Lovely Nymphs,---Jolly Swains,
Peace the Regency attains,
And reigns o'er all.

Her head majestic lo! she rears,
And despots round are fill'd with fears;
But by the heirs of shade and toil,
She's welcome to the British Isle.

" Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
Loud, loudly lend an echoing ear:
From port to port let joys resound,
For virtue is with glory crown'd."

SONG XI.

Tune.—*The old worn out song.*

O Thou great Deity,
Smile upon Liberty,
Give her the throne;
Make her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
Firm and alone.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their Politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
On thee we call.

So shall despotic pow'r,
Which does the world devour,
Finally cease;
Then shall the poor have bread,
Tyranny lose its head,
Blood shall no more be shed,
All shall be Peace.

Welcome those halcyon days,
 Which inspiration says,
 Shall be unfurl'd;
 Then the vile Beast* and Whore,
 And Dragon dy'd with gore,
 Shall have no place nor power,
 In the blest world.

* See the Revelation of St. John.

SONG XI.

Tune,---*The Hardy Tar.*

A Mighty change is taking place,
 Which Tyrants know and tremble:
 Around the noble Gallic race,
 Like vultures they assemble;
 Ye Quixote's spare your gold and pains,
 For conquests vile and partial;
 Till you have prov'd they'll lose their brans,
 By operations martial.

CHORUS.

When millions press into the field,
 Impell'd by Freedom's fire;
 Let Tyrants to her graces yield,
 Or Louis-like expire.

The people who like passive sheep,
 Have long been fleec'd and butcher'd,
 Are shaking off their drunken sleep,
 By Freedom rous'd and usher'd;
 The palsied faculties of man,
 By an uncommon friction.
 To action spring and dare to scan,
 Their native jurisdiction.

CIVIC SONGS.

13

While nations bleed at ev'ry pore,
And ooze their sweat and treasure;
The cause whom fools and knaves adore,
Can roll in peace and pleasure;
The priest whom servile flatt'ry charms,
As leading to high places;
Can clasp the butcher to his arms,
With sanctify'd grimaces.

Would bleeding armies use their eyes,
Amid that wild distraction,
And each their tyrants sacrifice,
By such a God-like action:
They to the wearied world would give,
Of Peace an endless season;
And nations would in friendship live,
In the sweet shade of reason.

SONG XII.

Tune.---The Hardy Tar.

YE Despots of this dubious day,
Like prowling wolves be greedy:
And keep to gain unbounded sway,
The people dark and needy:
Encrease your herds of miscreant spies,
In ev'ry place and season;
So shall vindictive arms surprise,
Each rogue that dares to reason.

CHORUS.

But if from sleep the nation's eye,
Starts into light and motion;
Your force, and frauds will dance and die,
Like bubbles on the ocean.

Ye temporizing pulpit saints,
 Still vomit forth submission:
 Ye Legislators hear no wants,
 But throw out each Petition;
 Answer their groans with scoffs and jeers,
 Lest they forget their betters:
 Drink up as milk their briny tears,
 And multiply their setters.

Uplifted far into the sky,
 Excite terrific wonder,
 Bid glitt'ring armour strike the eye,
 And Proclamations thunder;
 And while your vassal's in the dust,
 Inter their pallid faces,
 With plunder satiate your lust,
 And lodge it in high places.

Where life is wasted to the dregs,
 Beware of soft reflections:
 But give the starving wretch that begs,
 A dose of due correction;
 Then to his parish have him hurl'd,
 And on sharp briars seated:
 And let him (till he leaves the world)
 Be as a nuisance treated.

SONG XIII.

Tune.---*When Neptune at first took the charge the sea.*

AS the eye of Aurora delighteth the soul
 Of the lark, or as darkness solaces the owl,
 Or as honey delights the industrious bee,
 So am I delighted with sweet *Liberty*.

For her I would bear the sun's vertical glow,
Or wander with joy thro' Siberian snow;
I'd cross the Pacific or Atlantic sea,
To live in possession of sweet Liberty.

How silent and sickly is the Nightingale,
Thro' the circumscription of its pendant jail;
But O how deliciously charming is he,
When in the possession of sweet Liberty.

Her absolute empire is ev'ry where own'd,
From lowest sensations to spirits profound,
Not one do we know of this great family,
That is not delighted with sweet Liberty.

E'er since the creation her temple has stood,
And millions have paid her their treasure & blood,
Some fought--others toil'd--or to deserts would flee;
To live in the graces of sweet Liberty.

Our joy in existence results from her rays,
But by her abandon'd how gloomy our days:
Thro' the shady portals of mortality,
The spirit would venture for sweet Liberty.

SONG XIV.

IMMORTAL beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Who lately in the Western world,
Thy banner glorious unfurl'd;
Now let European despots see,
The matchless force of Liberty!

More bright than Light'ning are her eyes,
 Her accents shake the earth and skies;
 Opposing monarchs be not vain,
 For Heavenly pow'rs are in her train;
 Each neck must bow, if not the knee,
 To the high throne of Liberty!

The mighty Conquerors of old,
 Who fought for honour, pique, or gold;
 Who put surrounding realms in dread,
 And made fierce tyrants droop the head;
 Ne'er fought with half the energy,
 Of those that strike for Liberty.

Why don't the threat'ning foes of France,
 With their united arms advance?
 They at a distance vent their spite,
 Like barking dogs that dare not bite;
 Appriz'd of the great potency,
 Of those that strike for Liberty.

Tho' every blind and haughty chief,
 To her pacific terms are deaf:
 She soon will thro' the regions run,
 Clear and resistless as the sun;
 The people then her charms will see,
 And boldly strike for Liberty!

SONG XV.

*On the motion of the Mayor of a Rotten Borough for
 voting an address upon the Proclamation.*

COMMON Council-men, and Aldermen, and
 Justices of Quorum,
 Knights, Baronets, and Sheriffs, and *Custards*
Rotulorum—

Let us in Common-hall adjourned, to keep the
 people quiet,
 In wisdom good and temperance kick up a civil riot.
 Bow wow wow.

Dissembled in our wigs & gowns a *solid* corporation,
 We're told to rule and counsel well by formal
 Proclamation;
 But troth no Proclamation need to recommend us
 greeting,
 If told to *rule* with knife and fork or *counsel* on
 good eating. Bow wow wow.

The Ministers think proper out of love and
 condescension,
 To give their sleepy Worships a little reprehension:
 Convinc'd your worships had forgot the duties of
 your station,
 'Tis fit you own your ignorance, and thank the
 Proclamation.

The people wish to use their *right*, and exercise
 their *reason*,
 This may be *right* in equity, but wrong in law and
 treason;
 If *right and reason* be rejoined, in spite of execration
 Your Worships wanting reason, lose the right of
 litigation.

Therefore have I convened you to take in execution,
 The *honest* malefactors of our happy constitution;
 For rumours and conspiracies are plotting in the
 Nation,
 To work in wicked rogues like us a pious Reformation.
 But what is selfish honour, when compar'd with
 selfish profit?

The honours of good perquisites, not consciences
we covet;
If ignorance and vanity can save your Worship's
bacon,
You would be vain and ignorant or I am much
mistaken.

Much quaintness and great waste of words fill up
the Proclamation,
About tumults and disorder throughout the quiet
nation;
Therefore lest just reproof await the language of the
Crown, sir,
Let us raise tumults righteously, and knock the peo-
ple down, sir

And first and foremost Mr. Clerk call in the com-
mon Cryer,
To go out with his noisy bell and peacefully enquire
Whether Tom Paine be called Tom Paine, and
whether he has wrote, sir,
The book he writ, or says he writ, and what it is
about, sir.

For mind me they remind us, that tho' Worshipful
and wise, sirs,
We must not credit what we hear, nor trust to our
own eyes, sirs,
Tho' honest folks should meet at clubs, to drink,
and smoke, and reason,
Suspect them as conspirators, and take them up for
Treason.

Shut up the Schools and Churches, I hate a learned
parson,
Beneath his cloke of sanctity he carries some vile
farce on;

CIVIC SONGS.

21

When Schoolmasters teach boys to write, my conscience is suspicious,
The writing must be wicked, and to read them be *seditions*.

If any man should meet his friend, by virtue of the Quorum,
Two Justices may take him up, and have them brought before 'em;
But if they cannot apprehend their meaning or design, sir,
Give them their liberty again, on payment of a fine, sir.

Ye Solomon's of Garrat make joyful preparation,
Ye Solomon's of Garrat, address the Proclamation;
Tho' your enemies, by policy, should ruin you for ever,
Fall down upon your marrow bones, and swear they're *vastly clever*. Row, wow, wow.

SONG XVI.

C A I R A.

A H ça ira,
Citizens of France are of joy brimful, sir,
Ah! ça ira!
Zounds! 'twill do, cries bluff John Bull.
Firm federation unites the Gallic nation,
'Tis Aristocrats have reason to be dull,
Ah! ça ira!
Citizens of Paris no longer the same, sir,
Ah! ça ira!
Superstition flies before the new born flame,
Slavery shall tie now no man's tongue;
Liberty bids her children prattle,
No more pleas'd with a gilded rattle,
While thus free is the Frenchman's song.

Ah! ça ira!

Citizens of France see a glorious day, fir,

Ah! ça ira!

Liberty to peace and pleasure leads the way,

Firm federation unites the Gallic nation;

Long may her Citizens the Civic wreath display.

Ah! ça ira!

Citizens of Paris shall in hist'ry shine, fir,

Ah! ça ira!

While brethren with one another thus combine,

Happy in the smiles of a patriot King; *

Happy in the prospect now before us,

Freedom waves all her banners o'er us,

While thus joyfully Frenchmen sing.

Ah! ça ira! &c.

Ah! ça ira!

Citizens of France are as Englishmen free, fir,

Ah! ça ira!

Ever let them be together *bons amis*.

While firm federation unites the Gallic nation,

With all sons of Liberty shall each of us agree,

Ah! ça ira!

Citizens of France are much in the right, fir,

Ah! ça ira!

Gallic wine and British spirit thus invite,

Cheerfully we now shall rear the vine,

Merrily enjoy the fruits of labour,

Dancing blythe to the pipe and tabor,

While John Bull in the song shall join.

Ah! ça ira! &c.

* This was written before Louis XVI. turned traitor, having previously sworn to defend the Constitution.

SONG XVII.

GOD save the RIGHTS OF MAN,

Give us a heart to scan,

Blessings so dear;

Let them be spread around,

Where ever man is found,

And may the welcome sound,

Ravish his ear.

See from the Universe,

Darkness and clouds disperse,

Mankind awake!

Reason and Truth appear,

Freedom advances near,

Monarchs with terror hear,

See how they quake.

Sore have we felt the stroke,

Long have we borne the yoke,

Sluggish and tame:

But now the *Lion* roars,

And a loud note he pours,

Spreading to distant shores,

Liberty's flame.

Let us with *France* agree,

And bid the world be free,

Leading the way;

Let Tyrants all conspire,

Fearless of sword and fire,

Freedom shall ne'er retire,

Freedom shall 'sway.

God like and great's the strife,

Life will indeed be life,

Should we prevail,

Death in so just a cause,
Crowns us with loud applause,
And from Tyrannic laws,
Bids us "all hail."

O'er the Germanic powers,
Big indignation low'rs,
Ready to fall;
Let the rude savage host,
In their long numbers boast,
Freedom's Almighty trust,
Laughs at them all.

Fame! let thy trumpet sound,
Tell all the world around,
Tell each degree,
Tell Ribbands, Crown and Stars,
Kings, Traitors, Troops and wars,
Plans, Councils, Plots, and Jars,
Frenchmen are FREE.

SONG XVIII.

O dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
O Lord! what can the matter be,
Billy's so keen for the *War*?
When Billy first stole into Administration,
He promis'd to lessen the debts of the nation:
He promis'd---no more to encrease our taxation:
A parcel of words in the air.

O dear what can the matter be, &c.
What now must be ev'ry gull'd Briton's surprize sir,
Our debts are not lessen'd---our taxes must rise, sir!
And both must encrease---must encrease to a size, sir!
Above what we're able to bear.

O! dear what can the matter be, &c.
 What devil was he that advis'd such a measure?
 Thus madly to lavish our blood and our treasure,
 A pack of tyrannical despots to pleasure—
 Without any profit whatever!

O! dear what can the matter be, &c.
 While we are the cause of ambition subserving,
 Our trade is decaying, our peasants are starving;
 God send, that the monsters may meet their deserving,
 Who thus drive us on to despair.

O! what can the matter be, &c.
 Is this—is it not, a most artful invention,
 From odious REFORMS to withdraw our attention,
 And kindle the flames of intestine dissention?
 Ah! Britons! attend to the snare.

O! what can the matter be, &c.
 Tell Englishmen! tell him, with one conclamation,
 Such measures will speedily ruin the nation;
 And tell your good K—g that a pacification
 Is ev'ry true Englishman's pray'r.

SONG IX.

RISE, mighty Nation! in thy strength,
 And deal thy dreadful vengeance round;
 Let thy great spirit rous'd at length,
 Strike hordes of Despots to the ground.

Devoted Land! thy mangled breast,
 Eager the R——l vultures tear;
 By friends betray'd, by foes oppress'd,
 And Virtue struggles with despair.

The tocsin sounds ! to arms, to arms,
Stern o'er each breast let country reign ;
Nor virgin's plighted hand, nor sighs
Must now the ardent youth restrain.

Nor must the hind who tills thy soil,
The ripen'd vintage stay to press,
Till rapture crowns the flowing bowl,
And Freedom boasts of full success.

Briareus like, extend thy hands,
That every hand may crush a foe ;
In millions pour thy generous bands,
And end a warfare by a blow.

Then wash with sad repentant tears,
Each deed that stains thy glory's page ;
Each phrenzied start impell'd by fears,
Each transient burst of headlong rage.

Then fold in thy relenting arms,
The wretched outcasts where they roam ;
From pining want and war's alarms,
O call the child of misery home.

Then build the tomb—O not alone,
Of him who bled in Freedom's cause ;
With equal eye the Martyr own,
Of faith rever'd and ancient laws.

Then be the tide of glory stay'd,
Then be thy conquering banner furl'd,
Obey the laws thyself hast made,
And rise—the model of the world !

CIVIC SONGS.

27

SONG XX.

HARK! bark! on yonder distant shores,
The noisy din of war I hear,
The sword's unsheath'd—the cannons roar—
And Gallia's sons in arms appear.
'Tis France, 'tis France, the people cry,
Fighting for sacred LIBERTY.

Tho' num'rous armies her invade
Of warlike slaves a barb'rous host;
Of despots crown'd, a grand crusade,
To crush her Liberty, her boast.
But France like Britain will be free—
Or bravely die for LIBERTY.

No more the grinding hand of power,
The op'ning bud of reason blights;
On eagles wings fair truth shall tow'r,
For man begins to know his rights.
The iron yoke we crumbling see,
Beneath the Cap of LIBERTY!

Go on, great souls! no dangers fear!
The glorious standard high erect,
When freemen to it will repair,
And providence your cause protect!
Go plant on distant shores the tree,
Sacred to god-like LIBERTY.

No dreams of conquest you inspire,
Great nature's cause depends on thee;
Europe will catch the sacred fire,
And bid adieu to slavery!
Then raise your warlike banners high,
And rally under LIBERTY.

No longer war of kings, the spoil
 Usurping nations shall divide ;
 Nor slain with blood each fruitful soil,
 By nature form'd to be allied.
 But Britons hope the world to see,
 Unite in PEACE and LIBERTY.

SONG XXI.

THE PROXY.

SURVEY the conduct of mankind,
 Unless it too much shocks ye,
 His duty no one DOES you'll find,
 For all is done by proxy.

The King (God bless him !) steers the helm.
 And Britain, firm as rock, see !
 Sails steadily ; yet still his realm
 Is manag'd all by proxy.

Our Admirals and Gen'als fight,
 Who never field or dock see,
 But plagu'd with gout, keep out of fight,
 And sail and fight—by proxy.

To every office should you go,
 The principal but mocks ye ;
 He's at his country seat, I trow—
 His duty's done by proxy.

Your Banker safely keeps your pelf,
 Which, rolling in the Stocks, he
 Makes private use of for himself ;
 His paper is his proxy.

My Lord o'er Europe loves to roam,
Attended by his doxy,
And leaves her ladyship at home ;—
His duty's done by proxy.

Your butler and your groom have wives,
In filks and Holland smocks see,
What wonder then they clean your knives
And clean your horse—by proxy.

" Pray, where, John ! does your Rector live,
" So fam'd for orthodoxy ?"
" At Lunnon, Maister, I believe,
" But preaches here—by proxy.

" He studies politics, I hear,
" He'll shoot, or hunt, or box ye,
" And seldom goes to church I fear—
" But says his prayers by proxy.

" Well, farmer, you sit by your fire,
" Your man in dirty frock, see,
" Does all your work for slender hire—
" You plow and sow by proxy.

" Your shepherd sleeps upon the ground
" To watch his straggling flock see!
" But where, alas ! would they be found,
" But for his dog—his proxy.

My chimney-sweeper, in yon' court,
His pipe all day he cocks ye,
While half-starv'd imps, for "that's your sort,"
Do all his work by proxy.

CIVIC SONGS.

In ev'ry post of church and state,
Of deputies what flocks see!
Why should it then surprise create,
If they go to heaven by proxy.

SONG XXII.

SHEWS AND WOES,

Tune.—*Chevy Chase.*

THE SHEWS and WOES of NINETY-FIVE
Must strike the wond'ring eye!
While merit sinks and follies thrive,
Now mark the reason why.

A Placeman hourly richer grows,
Our trade and credit fall!
Our soldier's blood in torrents flows,
For Peace the people call!

The poor are starving, taxes high,
While prodigals make sport!
O'erwhelm'd by force our armies fly,
Our Navies ride in port.

Our mansions great are scenes of mirth,
Their tables richly spread;
While on a bed of sorrow, Worth
Is perishing for bread.

Our sons of Genius scattered wide,
A prey to wild despair;
For if they sought redress from pride,
They'd find no kindred there.

Our Minister a modest boy,
 Disdains to seek a Peace;
 Because it might his hopes destroy,
 And bid his profit's cease!

Our noble P....e who once did say,
 He'd ask for cash no more;
 Now begs that John his debts would pay—
 Because John paid before.

Rich liveries, jewels, houses gay,
 Processions, balls, parade!
 While John the long account must pay,
 For John has always paid!—

The people are but helpless 'swine';
 So Edmund once did say;
 While princes bear a charm divine,
 And are not mortal clay.

But Edmund was a wordy wight,
 A man of great renown;
 Who, wond'ring at his S...n's height,
 Did mention *hurling down!*

But 'twas a saying very naught,
 And only meant to jeer;
 For since a nearer way, he thought
 To make himself a *Peer!*

For *ups and downs*, and *outs and ins*,
 All human minds must know;
 And that we all have crying sins,
 Our Ministry doth shew.

Let P..T and BOGEY laugh away,
 And bashful SAWNEY drink !
 Tho' "MUM'S THE ORDER OF THE DAY."
 We still have leave—TO THINK !

SONG XXIII.

GOD save our lab'ring poor,
 Long live our worthy poor,
 God save the poor ;
 May their hearts gladden'd be,
 All those of high degree,
 Cherish humanity,
 God save the poor.

O Lord our God arise,
 Open our Rulers' eyes,
 Sadness dispell ;
 Every good Christian—War
 Must in his heart abhor,
 What we are fighting for,
 No one can tell.

Trampling on Nature's laws,
 'Tis men themselves that cause,
 Evils to spread ;
 When wanton wars destroy,
 What can mankind enjoy ?
 Need we to wonder why
 Thousands want bread ?

Thy bounteous gifts in store,
 Grant the industrious poor,
 Ne'er may they want ;
 May they respected be,
 Go thro' life cheerfully,
 Soon Peace and Plenty see,
 God save the poor.

SONG XXIV.

TUNE.—*Fie, let us a' to the bridal.*

LET's hie to the CABINET DINNER,
 For there will be feasting rare,
 At which will be many a finner,
 Much fonder of guttling than pray'r;
 And there will be turtle and jellies,
 With ev'ry thing dainty and fine:
 Fit only for Ministers' bellies,
 Tho' cull'd from the sty of the Swine.

CHORUS.—And there will be turtle, &c.†.

We there shall have turkeys and chickens,
 With game of the rarest to carve;
 Thus, while we have plenty of pickings,
 The wallowing rabble may starve.
 With all kinds of delicate dishes,
 And Sirloins of Old English Beef;
 The sum of each Britons fond wishes,
 Long deem'd of all dishes the chief.

In Burgundy, Champaign, and Claret,
 The cares of the nation we lull;
 With Tokay for those who prefer it,
 And all at the cost of John Bull.
 Rich Port, Calcevella and Sherry,
 May there in profusion be had;
 Thus while we can make our hearts merry,
 The devil take those that are sad.

Good wine is an excellent liquor,
 The wrath of a tyrant to quench;
 To mellow the heart of a Vicar,
 Or soften a judge on the Bench.

† The four last lines are sung twice over.

The pleasure of feasting and drinking,
 No public disasters can check ;
 And while the state vessel is sinking,
 Let each of us plunder the wreck.

And there will be guzzle-down Billy,
 With mouth full as wide as a PITT,
 Whom wine renders stupid and silly,
 Yet still he sets up for a wit.
 And there will be crowdy-nos'd Harry,
 Who happen what changes e'er may ;
 Contrives still in office to tarry,
 A politic Vicar of Bray.

You'll there see that ducal-dubb'd looby,
 Who badger'd both us and the war ;
 Till we tickled the pride of the booby
 With the glare of a Ribbon and Star.
 And there will be time-serving Sandy,
 An oily-tongued sage of the law ;
 No weathercock e'er was more handy,
 With the wind of the moment to draw.

And there'll be the beetle ey'd Ranger,
 (*O requisite place ! ! !*) of the park ;
 Whose brother to save us from danger,
 Crept up the back stairs in the dark.
 Who, neither in envy or malice,
 But prompted by pending disgrace ;
 Kick'd Honesty out of the palace,
 And shov'd himself into her place.

You'll there see the terror of Tippoo,
 Too good for a statesman by half ;
 But soon, boys we'll give him the slip O,
 And afterwards tip him the laugh.

Those men should herd only together,
Who're learn'd in duplicity's school,
For don't you know birds of a feather,
Have wisely adopted the rule.

But still not content with the dishes,
With which they'd been gorging their maws;
The future state loaves and the fishes,
For bickering furnish'd a cause.
Anon rose a wonderful clatter,
The crimes of each other to trace;
They did so berogue and bespatter,
That conscience flew up in each face.

Truth view'd 'em with pleasure and wonder,
For long the trite adage hath shewn,
When rogues quarrel loud for their plunder,
Oft honest folks come by their own.
The legal, the martial, and civil,
All star'd when the candle burnt blue;
And who should appear but the Devil,
Resolv'd to make one of the crew.

"My friends," cried old Beelzebub, laughing,
"It gives me great pleasure to see,
"That you have been feasting and quaffing,
" 'Cause now you're the fitter for me;
"Nor deem this my visit uncivil,
"I come to claim only my due."—
So seizing his prey, Master Devil,
Away with the whole of them flew.

SONG XXV.

GOD save great Thomas Paine,
His Rights of Man explain,
To ev'ry soul ;
He makes the blind to see,
What dupes and slaves they be,
And points out Liberty,
From pole to pole.

Thousands cry " Church and King,"
That well deserve to swing,
All must allow ;
Birmingham blush for shame,
Manchester do the same,
Infamous is your name,
Patriots vow.

Pull proud oppression down,
Knock off each tyrant's crown,
And break his sword ;
Down Aristocracy,
Set up Democracy,
And from hypocrisy
Save us good Lord.

Why should despotic pride,
Usurp on ev'ry side,
Let us be free,
Grant Freedom's arms success,
And all their efforts bless,
Plant thro' the Universe,
Liberty's tree.

CIVIC SONGS.

37

Facts are seditious things,
When they touch Courts and Kings,
Armies are rais'd ;
Barracks and Bastiles built
Innocence charg'd with guilt,
Blood most unjustly spilt,
Gods stand amaz'd.

Despot's may howl and yell,
Tho' they're in league with hell,
They'll not reign long ;
Satan may lead the van,
And do the worst he can,
Paine and Rights of Man,
Shall be my song.

SONG XXVI.

TUNE—*The Hardy Tar.*

WHILE Landsmen wander uncontroll'd,
And boast the rights of Freeman;
O ! view the Tender's loathsome hold,
Where droop your injur'd Seamen ;
Dragg'd by oppression's savage grasp,
From ev'ry dear connection ;
'Midst putrid air, O ! see them gasp,
O ! mark their deep dejection.

CHORUS.

Blush then, O blush ! ye pension'd host,
who wallow in profusion,
For your foul cell proves all your boast,
To be but mere delusion,

If Liberty be ours, O say,
 Why are not all protected,
 Why is the hand of ruffian sway,
 'Gainst Seamen thus directed;
 Is this your proof of British rights?
 Is this rewarding bravery?
 O shame! to boast your Tars' exploits,
 Yet doom those Tars to Slavery.

But just return'd from noxious skies,
 And Winter's raging Ocean,
 To land, the sun-burnt Seaman flies,
 Impell'd by strong emotion;
 His much-lov'd Kate, his children dear,
 Around him cling delighted,
 When lo! th' Impressing Fiends appear,
 And ev'ry joy is blighted

Thus from each soft endearment torn,
 Behold the seamen languish,
 His wife, his children, left forlorn,
 The prey of bitter anguish.
 'Rest of those arms whose vig'rous strength
 Their shed from wants defended,
 They droop, and all their woes at length,
 Are in a workhouse ended.

Mark then, ye Minions of a Court,
 Who prate of Freedom's blessing,
 Yet every hell-born War support,
 And vindicate impressing:
 A time will come, when Things like you,
 Mere bubbles of creation,
 No more will make mankind pursue,
 The work of Devastation!

SONG XXVII.

*The SHEFFIELD HYMN of LIBERTY.*TUNE.—*Batchelor's Hall.*

LET tyrants and despots together combine,
 The Triumph of Liberty, still shall be thine;
 From dreary abodes where proud despots bear sway,
 Thy sweet voice harmoniously calls us away
 Shall the heroes of Gallia their Freedom obtain,
 And the sons of Britannia submit to a chain?
 No—artful deceivers the veils overthrown,
 And victory! victory's mark'd for our own!

CHORUS.

Brave Briton's stand firmly your triumph is nigh,
 Arm, arm, and declare that you'll conquer or Die!

Shall we torpidly sigh and of slav'ry complain?
 No, no, tho' 'tis true we petition'd in vain.
 Led on by our champion our cause to withstand,
 We'll triumphantly seize on the rights we demand;
 Pull down the tall tops of the Bramble and Pine,
 And plant in their places the Olive and Vine;
 Perseveringly striving we're sure to attain,
 The freedom for which our forefathers were slain.

Our conduct like roses our brows shall adorn,
 To patriots sweetness, to tyrants a thorn;
 Peace, Freedom, and Justice united shall reign,
 Till tyrants and slav'ry for ever are slain.
 Accustom'd to gaze on the glittering chain.
 Inur'd to the yoke we forgot we were men:
 Now fill'd with amazement, we gladly obey
 The voice which harmoniously calls us away.

SONG XXVIII.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

COME on, ye Sons of Gallic Freedom,
 Come on, the day of glory's come;
 The tyrant's standard high is flying,
 Proud with your predicted doom:
 Hark! hark! they howl with brutal fury;
 Ferocious despots rend the air,
 Now nearer they approach and nearer,
 Death to your wives and children bear.

CHORUS.

To arms, ye Civic youth,
 Your firm battallions form!
 March on, dare ev'ry storm!
 For Freedom, France, and Truth.

What mean this horde of tyrant traitors,
 Of sanguine kings and hireling slaves?
 For whom are those degrading fetters,
 Forg'd by the hands of courtly knaves?
 For you!—what burning indignation,
 O gen'rous Frenchmen should you feel!
 With all their recent chains they'd gall you,
 Draw, draw your quick avenging steel!

Shall foreign cohorts spoil your country
 Dictate to France oppressive laws?
 And basely slavish mercenaries,
 Arrest us in our glorious cause?
 Great Heav'n's shall patriotic soldiers,
 A yoke receive from Freedom's foe?
 Shall Gallia's fate be mark'd by despots,
 Nor we avert the threaten'd blow?

CIVIC SONGS.

41

Ye rebels, cruel and perfidious,
At once your friends and country's stain,
Come forth!—the sword of injur'd justice
Awaits you on the hostile plain!
Behold, all Freemen rush to battle!
In close fraternal bands unite;
Tho' thousands fall will thousands follow,
Seize their bold arms and press the fight.

But let us, O intrepid warriors!
Ev'n while we strike resolve to spare;
Nor to vile courts unconscious victims;
'The measure of our vengeance bear:
But to the rash the ruthless despots,
In league 'gainst man, and manhood's claim,
To them your virtuous wrath discharging,
Deal death and everlasting shame.

O sacred *Patriotism*! for ever,
Inflame us with thy pure alarms;
And thou fair Freedom aid thy champions,
Steel, steel their hearts and nerve their arms!—
Let vict'ry at our standards meet us,
In thy exulting transports join'd,
Still let thy gifts be Frenchmen's glory,
And flow from them to ALL MANKIND.

SONG XXIX.

WHILE Tyranny martials its minions around,
And bids its fierce legions advance,
Fair Freedom! the hopes of thy sons to confound,
To restore his old empire in France.

What friend among men to the Rights of Mankind;
But is fir'd with resentment to see,
The Satraps of pride and opression combin'd,
To prevent a great land's being free?

* * * * *

Then let ev'ry true patriot unite in her cause,
A cause of such moment to man ;
And let all whose souls spurn at tyrannical laws,
Lend her all the assistance they can.

* To shew the seditious nature of the omitted verse, we shall give from the trial of Mr. Montgomery, an extract of his indictment.——“ That James Montgomery “ late of Sheffield, Printer, being a wicked, malicious, seditious, and evil disposed person,——did print and publish a certain false, scandalous, and seditious libel on “ the War, entitled ‘ A Patriotic Song by a Clergyman “ of Belfast;’ in which false, scandalous, and seditious libel “ is contained as follows:

Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends,
Most important its issue will be ;
For should France be subdued Europe's liberty ends,
If she triumphs the world will be free.

“ Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends,” (meaning that the fate of Europe depended on the decision of the said war) “ Most important its issue will be; For should France be subdued Europe's liberty ends,” (meaning that if France should be subdued in the said war, the liberty of Europe would be ended) “ If she” (meaning France) “ triumphs (meaning in the said war) “ the world will be free” —with intent to degrade, vilify, and traduce our Lord the king,——and his conduct respecting the war, &c &c”

For this song which was wrote previous to the war, Mr. M. was sentenced to Three Months imprisonment, and a fine of 20l. The reader will therefore excuse our omitting the said “ wicked and seditious” verse.

CIVIC SONGS.

43

May the spirit of Sparta her armies inspire,
And the star of America guide;
May a *Washington's* wisdom---a *Mirabeau's* fire,
In her camps and her counsels preside.

May her sons fatal discord no longer divide,
Mongst her chiefs no dark traitors be found;
But may they united resist the rough tide,
Till their toil be with victory crown'd!

And at length when sweet Peace from her sphere
shall descend,
When the fiends of oppression have fled---
Immortal renown shall those heroes attend,
Who for Freedom fought, conquer'd and bled.

Blazon'd high then their deeds shall swell History's
page,
And adorn lofty Poetry's lays;
While the mem'ry of tyrants---the curse of the age,
In oblivion's dark Bastile decays.

SONG XXX.

AT London you'll find a huge bottomless Pit,
Whom the d---l has cram'd with black infernal
Who swallows the National money so fast, (wit;
That I firmly believe it will choak him at last.

The Lord only knows what this monster would do,
For he's swallowd a King, aye and Parliament too,
He's claim'd that authority the people should have,
So we're govern'd alone by an absolute knave.

Our daily consumption is tax'd o'er and o'er,
For to dust it returns, and 'tis tax'd as before;

Who would not deplore such a sad situation,
For the dust of the earth even stinks with taxation.

He's not only tax'd candles those lamps of the night,
But he's sold by retail heav'n's glorious light :
Yea, he's tax'd us all o'er from the head to the shoes,
Pray tell me, what misses his stretch'd open jaws.

When by turning apostate he got into place,
He promis'd the national debt to erase,
But double the weight he since on it has laid,
Which makes John to roar out, just as if he were mad

I've concluded each creditor must be a fool,
Who have lent him their cash, in the name of J. Bull,
For when this vile monster is torn from the state,
His infamous dust can alone pay the debt.

Yet one single hope for this villain remains,
Whenever he reaches the infernal plains,
If he should be made there a prime Minister,
He'll fleece all the subjects of old Lucifer.

There's that knight of the dagger all men must needs
So the d---l must find him a place at h-lls gate; (hate,
And command him also by his dagger to swear,
"Not the limb of a Jacobin shall enter here."

Next a Scotch long-ear'd monster I'd almost forgot,
For to dwell with old Lucifer must be his lot,
With a voice like an Ass he'll exclaim "Wha wants me"
So on particular occasions quite useful he'll be.

If apostatic Richmond that villain most base,
In the bottomless pit ever should get a place,
The subjects of Satan can never rebel,
For he'll soon fortify all the castles in h-ll.

Pray Lucifer take all this crew to thy care,
 For we'll ne'er be devour'd inch by inch I declare,
 Pray take them away, for they're thy legal right,
 That in Liberty and peace we may gladly unite.

SONG XXXI.

UNITE and be free, is the motto we hold,
 Like swine we are treated, like Negro's we're
 From our humiliation, vile pen'ry and pain, (fold,
 Our drivers are fated with pleasure—and gain.

CHORUS.

Proud tyrants and slaves,
 Base cowards and knaves,
 Shall fall before Freedom
 And rot unremember'd
 In infamous graves

Oppression and terror, tho' sanction'd by time,
 To trample upon them, can ne'er be a crime;
 Like Jericho's walls, they appear high and stout,
 And like those proud walls they would fall with a
 Shout.

The priests (who to power will ever accede)
 Will tell us for kings we must labour and bleed;
 As if peaceful nations were cushions and tools,
 To gratify cannibals—luggards—and fools.

We'd ask our kind Lords (if to hear they would deign,
 Were they in our shoes, and petitions were vain:
 Would you not unite and exert ev'ry nerve,
 The blessings of Freedom to gain and preserve?

The man who converses with truth soon perceives,
That servants are masters, and masters are slaves ;
Related and loving as foxes and geese,
An answer for despots—should loyalty cease.

How history blushes when forc'd to relate,
The millions of murders by harpy's of state ,
But lo ! to extirpate their power and guile,
Sweet liberty comes like the floods of the Nile.

SONG XXXII.

BRUNSWICK'S BEAGLES,

OR THE

NORTHERN HUNT.

THE Nimrod's of the North, among themselves
agreed, fir,
To let all their blood-hounds loose, and make
Gallic Freedom bleed, fir ;
A huntsman bold call'd *Brunswick*, was leader of
the pack, fir,
Who vow'd by all the gods above, to lay Freedom
on her back, fir. *Bow, wow, wow.*

His whippers in were *Clarfait Coborg* and *Hobenloe* fir,
With *Breglio* and *Condé* a fierce and fiery crew fir,
Their dogs were so numerous accusom'd to the
chace, fir,
Resolved to hunt Freedom down, if they could but
her trace, fir.

Poor Freedom look'd around her, and saw with
consternation,
No friendly neighbour near her to save from pro-
testation ;

CIVIC SONGS.

47

In vain she look'd to England, in vain she look'd
to Spain, fir,
In vain she look'd to Switzerland, to Holland
look'd in vain, fir.

Distrest, to heav'n she cried for aid, kind heav'n was
pleas'd to hear her,
And rais'd a gale to guard her life, from danger so
near her ;
Three hundred thousand arm'd at once was rais'd
t'avenge her cause, fir,
And snatch'd her from the howling whelps of
Brunswick's beagles jaws fir.

Meanwhile this bully Buccaneer, advanc'd with hue
and cry fir,
And swore that all who took the part of Liberty
should die fir ;
His curs inur'd to slaughter, set up a hideous
yell fir,
And seem'd the whelps of Cerberus on purpose sent
from hell fir.

Their yells were heard at Longwy, their yells were
heard at Verdun,
Where traitors dastardly exclaim'd alas! we are all
undone ;
They threw themselves at Brunswick's feet, begg'd
he their lives would spare fir,
Ignoble deed, how glows my heart!—no friend had
freedom there fir.

Not so at Thionville and Lisle, illustrious names in
story, fir,
True hero's there his threats defy, and pant for civic
glory fir,

Saxe, Tuscan dogs and bitches, bark round their
burning trenches fir,

A hero here is ev'ry boy—a hero ev'ry wench fir.

Not long these barkings you shall hear, illustrious
men of Flanders.

For Pichegru he comes apace with other brave
commanders;

Already has the Prussian pack retreated in
disorder,

With marks of shame upon their back, from all
the Gallic borders.

With sword in hand pursue the rout of those
invading ranters,

And free from Austria's galling yoke those long
enslav'd Brabanters;

Then let the Nimrod's of the North be taught
more moderation,

And never more let loose their hounds at any
Freeborn nation. *Bow, wow, wow.*

MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE Sons of France, awake to glory;
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grand-fires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries:
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling host, a ruffian band,
Spread desolation o'er the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze:
And shall we basely view the ruins,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spread desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?

To arms! to arms! ye brave
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death!

With Luxury and Pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
With thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air:
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like Gods who bid their slaves adore;
But Man is Man! and who is more,
And shall they longer last and goad us?

To arms! to arms! ye brave
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death!

O liberty! can Man resign thee,
When once hath felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee;
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world as wept bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield;
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! to arms! ye brave
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death!